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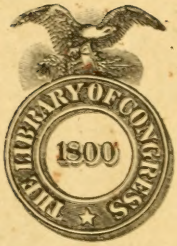
MESSAGES FROM MOTHER



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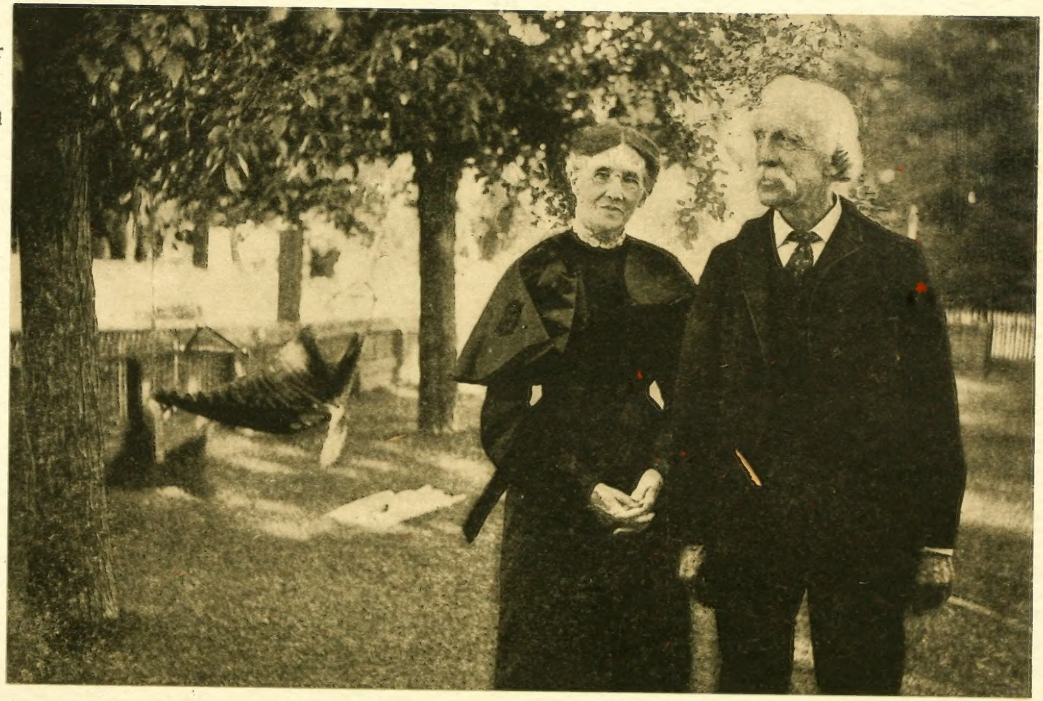
Mother and Father
The love of all their children is brought to the shrine of Edmund Griffith and Adeline Drinkwater Morton, companions here for sixty-two years; for all eternity there



MESSAGES FROM MOTHER

THE LITTLE POEMS OF ADELINE DRINKWATER MORTON

PRIVATELY
PUBLISHED FOR HER FAMILY BY
PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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By Mary E. G. Morton

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This little book is a gift of love to the memory of the best of parents. It is characteristic of mother that she should have furnished the material for its composition. The verses were all written under the pressure of sorrow, in the evening of her life, the first at the age of sixty-five, the last, at eighty-five. But the underlying note of faith and hope is so strong that her children place them in the hands of friends with the desire that they may bear to them, as if from her new life, the same message of comfort that they have brought to us.

Sacramento, California
November Fourteen, Nineteen
Hundred and Thirteen

MESSAGES FROM MOTHER

When to me the veil is lifted,
And my captive soul is free
From the fetters that have bound it
To this form of earthly clay;

Will my vision be unclouded,
Will, unfolded to my view,
There be forms of dear departed
Loves of this earth to renew?

Will my dear, my blessed children
Come to meet my spirit here,
Hence to guide me with a welcome
Full of joy and love sincere?

To the blessed world of spirits,
Where no pain or strife is found,
Where all harbors and all havens
Freighted with good will abound;

To that boundless world of spirits,
To that promised, happy land
Where the soul its own inherits,
Where no barriers can stand.

Where no wealth of golden treasure
Can deny the spirit's right
There to drink in without measure
Blessings of eternal light;

Light to guide and light to counsel
Any erring souls, astray,
Who in darkness may have lingered,
Searching for the light of day.

In every spirit, undeveloped,
There are germs of Truth and Love;
If we work for their unfoldment,
We reap blessings from above.

Thus our spirit, while progressing
In this work so beauteous bright,
With its freight of richest blessing
Shining as a beacon light;

Finds its mission and fulfillment
In these fields of living light,
And pure joy in the attainment
Of the Truth, divinely bright.

April Twenty-One,
Eighteen Hundred and
Ninety-Two

Can doubt arise within my soul
What is my destiny,
When to my vision oft at night
There comes a lovely, radiant light
And breathes a prayer to me?

These bodies bright, so full of light,
Can from no evil come;
I bid them welcome to my side—
They come, and often there abide
Till tears my eyes bedim.

I know they are my children dear,
I'm sure it must be so;
I hear their breathings in my ear,
And sometimes think I faintly hear
Sounds that are sweet and low.

Oh, Father, God, Oh hear my prayer;
In loving trust I come;
Give me the faith and strength to bear
Affliction's weight and Sorrow's care
Till I my task have done.

Why should I murmur or repine
When blessings have my pathway strew'd;
Will this rebellious heart of mine
With meekness never be subdued?

Our Father, God, to Thee I pray
For resignation to Thy will;
Let Love and Truth my conflict stay
And bid my troubled soul be still.

And tears, a solace to my grief,
Which down my cheeks unbidden roll,
Though oft they bring my heart relief,
They hold dominion o'er my soul.

Then nerve my heart in virtue's strength,
That I, to every impulse weak,
Resist obedience, till at length
Triumphant soul its empire seek.

Eighteen Hundred and
Ninety-Five

O, WHY, with this inspired light
Op'ning our paths which lead to
every good,
Filling our hearts with hope and
promise bright,
Can we not stand where our dear
Savior stood?

He came to show us how to live,
That living right, we might know
how to die;
Of his instructions he did freely give
That we unheeding might not pass
them by.

Could his example we but imitate,
And live the blessed truths which he
did teach,
Soon we should rise to his own high
estate,
Soon find his virtues all within our
reach.

November,
Eighteen Hundred and
Ninety-Five

Waiting

Waiting for the final summons
That will bear my soul away
To that home of life eternal
Brighter than the brightest day.

Earthly ties will then be severed,
And the silver cord be loosed,
And the golden bowl be broken
When my spirit is released.

In that home of life eternal
There's a house not built with hands;
In it there are many mansions
In his wisdom God has planned.

In that blessed home immortal
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard
Of the things for those who love him
God has prepared.

Then we shall be so delighted
When we reach our heavenly home;
There with dear ones reunited,
Greater happiness could not come.

Let us all then be contented
With whate'er our lot may be,
Ever faithful to the precepts
Jesus taught and gave us free.

This poem was written at the
age of eighty-five years.
Nineteen Hundred
and Twelve

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